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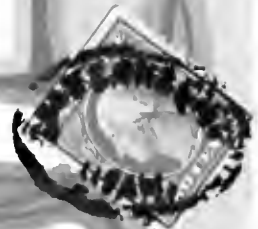
A monthly magazine devoted to the interest of
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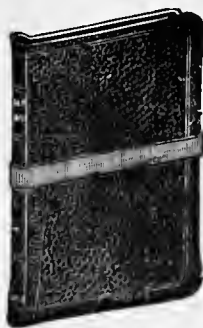
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SPRING AND SUMMER.

Tales of Our Grandfathers.

By John Henry Evans.

V.

THE WILD RAM OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Scene Three.

NOT PEACE, BUT THE SWORD.

Knock, knock, knock!

Mrs. Wight opened her eyes in that dazed way that everyone does when awakened from a sound and much-needed sleep in the middle of the night when nobody is expecting to be aroused. She was not altogether sure whether the voice was a real one or only an echo from dreamland.

Knock, knock, knock!

There was no doubt about it now. But what should she do? Ought she to waken her husband, who was breathing heavily by her side. If she only knew who it was. Lyman had lost so much sleep lately and would be hard to wake. Perhaps if these midnight visitors, whoever they were, thought nobody was at home, they would leave.

Knock, knock, knock!

They would certainly beat down the door at that rate. So she nudged the sleeping form near her till it grunted forth a reply. "There's somebody at the door Lyman! Maybe it's some of the mobbers!

"Who's there!" demanded the loud sonorous voice of Lyman. "Speak, and if it's an enemy, I'll blow a hole through you!"

"It's us, Lyman!" came the answer. "It's Gilbert, Morley, and Corrill." The voice did not say that the sheriff was with them, but had posted himself a little way from the house.

"Sorry to disturb you, but we've got to have a talk with you about the situation; it's getting desperate."

"Wait till I get my clothes on, boys, and then I'll let you in."

Lyman hastily threw on his clothes and admitted the men. There were three of them. They sat down on a bench opposite Wight, who occupied a heavy, crudely made chair with a cane bottom, his shirt open in the front, his suspenders down, and his bare feet thrust into unlaced shoes.

"I thought you were all in jail!" Lyman exclaimed as soon as he could get an opportunity to speak. "Did you break out?"

These with three others had been with Lyman Wight when mobbers were breaking into Whitney and Gilbert's store two nights before, and had been put into the block house at Independence for safe-keeping. The offense, you may remember, was the detention of Mc Carty, one of the mobbers who broke into the store, whom the brethren had attempted to have arrested for stealing.

"We have been in jail," explained Corrill in answer to Wight's question and surprise at their ap-

pearance; "but they let us out to consult with some of the brethren over the removal of the Church from Missouri, or at least from Jackson county."

"That consultation business, I tell you, is only a pretext to gain time or warning of something to come—a storm." This was from Wight. "We've consulted once about it and given them our word that half of us would leave the county by the first and the rest before April. What more do they want?"

"They insist now," urged Morley, "that the agreement's at an end—it's broken."

"But who broke it? They themselves. We've not attempted to break it. This is only the third of November. How can they say we've broken it when the time has not yet expired, and will not for nearly two months?"

"They say we've engaged attorneys to defend our rights."

"Tut, tut! another pretext!"

"Anyway—"But before the sentence could be more than begun, there was another knock at the door. Lyman went to the door and admitted Bishop Edward Partidge.

The Bishop was visibly disturbed. "Things have got to a bad pass, Lyman," he began. "I'm glad the brethren are here, however they got loose from their persecutions." An explanation of their presence was made and of the purpose with Wight.

"Word has just reached me, Lyman," he continued, "that another attack has been made on the Big Blue. Nineteen of the brethren volunteered to go against them, but discovering that the mob, numbered fifty or sixty, they turned back. When the mob found out that the brethren had come out, they went in pur-

suit. After riding about two miles, they discovered them; whereupon the brethren scattered, each going his way alone. As the mobbers were hunting for the Saints, about thirty other brethren came up, armed with seventeen guns. Then there was a skirmish, in which two of the mob were killed—Hugh Brazeal and Tom Linvill—and one of the brethren—Andrew Barber. Several on both sides were wounded."

"That's what makes the men here so wrathful, I guess," observed Phelps. "They swear they'll drive us all out of the county if we don't consent to go out ourselves and that immediately. They sent us here to see if something couldn't be done to bring this about."

"Yes," asserted the Bishop, "something'll have to be done. They've promised us a 'bloody day' tomorrow."

As this remark seemed to be directed to Lyman Wight, that person felt himself called upon to say something. "What did Judge Ryland say to the three brethren who asked him for a peace warrant?"

He told them we had better fight and kill the mob wherever and whenever they came against us, but he refused to issue any process."

"Then we'd better do that," said Wight. "I've collected nearly a hundred men, who'll have among them about forty guns and revolvers. I can get them together in a few minutes. And I think I shall do that tomorrow, first to get these men permanently out of jail and next to keep the rest of us from getting killed."

The Bishop was a man of peace. "Be careful Lyman not to offend against the law. So far they haven't a pretext against us that would hold, and they want one."

"Oh," was the reply, "I'll do

nothing except in defense of our rights—I'll not be the aggressor."

"Then we're to understand," asked Gilbert, "that the intention of the Saints is to protect themselves till they're overpowered?"

"That's my opinion," said Wight. And the Bishop assented.

After this the three brethren took up their hats to leave.

"I'll go with you, brethren," volunteered Lyman. And he prepared for the journey.

The five men, joined now by the sheriff, walked silently till they got within a few rods of the jail, when the Bishop left them to go home. Lyman Wight said he would wait there till he saw what reception the brethren would receive. The other three went towards the block house, where their companions were imprisoned.

As they approached the jail, they perceived a number of armed men near. These hailed them as if they would shoot.

"Don't fire, don't fire!" yelled the sheriff; "the prisoners are in my charge."

Yet two of the guns were fired. Thereupon Morley and Correll broke away. Gilbert, however, who, would also have escaped found himself in the firm clutches of the escorting official. Seeing all this in the bright moonlight, the men at the jail ran out, cocking their guns and pointing them at Gilbert. Two of them, more desperate than the rest, attempted to shoot, but their guns only flashed fire, they did no injury. Gilbert was then knocked down by a man named Wilson, a grocer living at Independence. Gilbert, you know, kept a store, and very likely this had something to do with it. By this time the townspeople began to drop in to see what was going on. The "Mormon" prisoner, however,

was soon clapped into jail, and the event seemed to be at an end.

Meanwhile, Lyman Wight was listening to all this, though he was too far away to see anything but the dark figures. How he would have liked to take a hand! for this sort of thing was his native element. But it would only mean his own captivity and the work he was about to undertake was too important for him to run such a risk. Presently Morley and Correll ran up to him. Then the three men went away in separate directions.

Next morning, about nine o'clock, Lyman Wight and about one hundred men might have been seen wending their way towards Independence. They had heard that the brethren who were in prison were to be killed and that a large force of mobbers under Colonel Pitcher was at Independence prepared to bring about the total expulsion. Scarcely more than half of Lyman's men were armed, but that made no difference; they went on as if they all were.

The real situation was this: The force under Pitcher was the militia. It had been the mob, only now they were legalized and whatever they did would most probably be sanctioned. It was not the intention to put the prisoners to death; in fact, these very likely would be liberated. But every man of the "Mormons," and the women and children, too, would be expelled from the county. Was it not the bloody day which the mob had promised, and should not the mob's repulse with at least two men killed, of the previous day be avenged?

Most of this Wight and his men learned as they approached the town. So they turned their course away from where the mob-militia stood. But Pitcher had seen them.

He sent a horseman out to hail them, and bring them in. So they came.

A conversation ensued between Wight and Pitcher.

"You were coming against the regularly constituted authority of the state, were you not?" asked Col. Pitcher.

"No," replied Lyman, "we were going out against a mob legalized into a militia, with a view to protect our people in their rights. That was all."

Pitcher colored, partly with anger but partly with embarrassment at having the truth pointed out with such **precision and bluntness**. He would have to try safer ground.

"This sort of thing will have to stop, Mr. Wight. There should be no conflict between your people and ours."

"It was of your choosing," replied Wight. "We were not the aggressors."

"Your men will have to disarm and surrender to me their weapons."

"Not a gun shall be given up unless your mob disarms also. I'll fight this great wrong to the death also."

Lyman persisted in calling things by their right names.

"We'll do that," Pitcher said.

"That's only fair," replied Wight. And then, "Come on, men, bring your arms here."

The men brought and laid down their arms. Every gun was owned by the man who carried it, and, of course, would be returned to its owner. After all this was finished, Pitcher said—

"Now two other things must be done, first to give up for trial the men who killed Brazeal and Linvill yesterday to be tried for murder, and, second, your whole people

must leave the county immediately. Our men will not disarm!"

Lyman Wight saw that he had been tricked. He would not have been but for that transformation of the mob into a militia dressed in the authority of the state. But it was all a trick. There was not now anything that he could do. So, turning on his heel, he flung this parting shot at Pitcher—"This comes of trusting to a hypocrite and a liar!"

The militia, which numbered between one hundred and fifty and two hundred, watched the retreat of the brethren with fierce and threatening aspect. Had the word been given, they would there and then have fallen upon that defenseless one hundred and torn them to pieces like wild beasts. Especially would they have done so to Lyman Wight. No man among the "Mormons" was so completely and thoroughly hated by the Missourians of that time, unless it were the Prophet Joseph, whom none of them had ever seen. And this because Lyman was a bold and courageous man, daring to speak his mind to their teeth and doing what he could to defend his rights.

"To your work of death, men!" shouted the Reverend McCoy, when the "Mormons" had got out of earshot. McCoy was the man who expressed the kindly sentiment that the Saints were the common enemies of mankind and ought to be put to death!

Lyman Wight was trudging towards the settlement of the Saints where he lived, wrathful and silent. He had almost reached the place where his horse was grazing with only a rope about his neck. The other men had gone each his several way, thinking it best not to keep together. Hearing a noise behind him, Lyman turned and saw six

or seven men on horseback making straight for him.

To run to his horse, to grab the rope and put a twist over his nose, and throw himself on the animal's back, and to dash off was the work of only a minute. Then he turned off the beaten road into the open

prairie and the woods in the direction of Lafayette county, the breath of the pursuing horses almost in his back. He was aware that the greatest desire of the mobbers was to take him captive, not to shoot him down at once; and so he flew as on the wings of the wind.

SOMETIMES,

By Grace Ingles Frost.

*Sometimes the days are so joyous and bright
My heart cannot hold the half of its gold;
The path is so straight and illumined with light,
I think as I gaze, who could help but do right?*

*Sometimes the days are so dreary and dark,
And the wearisome way has so many dread turnings,
I know not the pathway my foot-prints should mark,
And my sin-laden soul cries aloud in its yearnings.*

*And sometimes I think as I watch the dense throng
Of the care-free world in its search after pleasure,
Why cannot I be carried along,
And partake with them of this gay life of leisure?*

*'Tis when I feel thus that I earnestly look
For the foot-prints of those who have traveled the way—
The foot-prints of those that their duty forsook—
And shudderingly cry—Lord, guide me away!*

*Sometimes the light is slow to appear—
God is so grieved by my weak, childish way—
But after I show Him that I am sincere,
It once again brightens my life by its ray.*

Written for the Juvenile.

Ben's Awakening.

By Mabel Maeser.

Ben threw his books to the ground, and lay down beside them on the soft, warm earth, under a tree that was just beginning to send out the boldest of her tender leaves.

It was one of those days of spring which make even older people desire to throw off all responsibility, and wander at will over the new grass, and by the little brook, just loosed from its icy bondage.

On account of his mother's being ill, Ben had been required to stay home from school that morning, and the slight vacation had not fanned his desire to return on such a day as this.

"Oh, dear," he sighed, "I don't see why I have to go to school and pore over an old book in a hot, dusty, school room, until my head aches; and listen to Miss Jackston scold from morning until night. I'll tell you," he cried angrily at an innocent-looking speller, "It's no fun! I wish I were a tree, or a squirrel, or a bird, they never have to work."

He looked up into the tree over head quietly for some time, then he saw a little squirrel come running along. It stopped and eyed Ben curiously.

"I wish I were you," said Ben, "You don't have to go to school, you don't have to do anything but run about in the bright sunshine."

"I don't have anything to do!" exclaimed the squirrel indignantly, "I should like to know what would become of my babies if I did not search for food for them. They are such hungry little things, that it keeps me working the whole day long. All days are not warm and

pleasant as this; but it makes no difference, in rain or shine I must find food."

Ben had never heard a squirrel talk before, and was too surprised to answer.

"You great, big, lazy thing," it cried, "Lying there doing nothing; do you find your food?"

"No, father buys it, and mother cooks it," answered Ben rather ashamedly.

"And you are so much larger than I," continued the squirrel, "But I have no time to stay to talk to you."

With that she frisked away leaving Ben to think of what she had said.

"Well," said Ben, "maybe squirrels do have to work; but I know this tree has never done a thing in all its life."

"You are very much mistaken, my dear little boy," said a voice behind him.

Ben turned around to see who was speaking. The branches were swaying quietly in the breeze. He noticed, however, that most of them leaned toward him and one large one touched him on the head, but he saw no one.

"You say I have nothing to do," said the voice again. "Do you suppose it is nothing for me to send out leaves every spring, and keep them fresh and green all summer, to make it cool on hot, cloudless days? I must also grow taller and taller. Even now I am sending sap from my roots to my branches; putting out new shoots, and waking up my little leaf buds."

"Forgive me, dear tree," said

Ben. "Yes, I see you must work too, but you never have to go to school, and study all day. You can stay out here in the bright, warm sunshine."

"All days are not bright and warm, my little boy. Have you never seen me tossed and shaken, by the cold north wind, or seen my branches loaded down with snow? Sometimes I feel as if I should like to go in a nice, warm house."

"Yes, you may have much to do, and a great deal to stand," said Ben, "But look at that robin, just sitting and singing. I would like to be a bird, they are so happy and free; they have nothing to do but sing all day."

"And how long do you think I would live if I sang all day and did nothing else? Do you think I never have to eat? I have no kind mother to cook food and bring to me," said the robin stopping her cheery song and looking at Ben.

"Then besides that," continued the bird, "I have to build my house

to live in. Did you build the house you live in?"

"Oh, no," answered Ben, "father hired some men to do that. I cannot build a house."

"Cannot build a house, oh, ho, ho!" the robin laughed, "A big thing like you can't build a house. Just climb this tree and look at mine, and I am not half as large or old as you. Oh, shame, shame! But I must get to work. See that feather and straw and string, I must weave them into my house before it will be done. Here comes my mate to help me."

Mr. Robin lit on the branch by his wife and gave her a big fat worm.

Just then Ben noticed the squirrel returning with an apple core in its mouth.

The birds were singing, the squirrel commenced chirping, the trees rustled in the soft spring wind, then Ben noticed that they



were all singing together. He listened—

"Everything has work to do.

None are idle, why are you?" came the words. Then the squirrel whisked away. The wind rocked the tree, and the birds fluttered in the branches so rapidly that they shook down an old birds' nest which hit Ben on the head.

He started up and rubbed his eyes.

"Surely," he said, "I have not been asleep; no, there's the squirrel

peeping at me from that old fence, and the birds are in the tree, and there's the nest that hit me. No, I have not been asleep. I guess I will go to school though."

He jumped up quickly and gathered up his books, and ran off to school, arriving just as the bell rang.

Before school closed that day, Ben had decided that there were even worse places than school.

The songs sounded better; the games were more fun than usual. But best of all Miss Jackston ended the day with a fine new story.

THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS.

By J. M. Lauritzen.

*Have you wished to be with angels,
Hear their voices, see them smile,
Feel the warmth of love and gladness
Flow from hearts that know no guile?*

*Come with me this Sabbath morning,
And your wish shall come to pass,
You'll receive a royal welcome
At the Kindergarten Class*

*There you'll find in sweet communion
Little souls of spotless white
Sent direct from heavenly mansions,
From the courts of love and light.*

*Little hearts both pure and holy,
Little hands that love to learn,
Little eyes that beam with beauty,
And with heavenly radiance burn.*

*Little lips that speak no evil,
Lispings prayers celestial born;
Little voices filled with gladness,
Singing Eden's songs at morn.*

*Little feet that have come to journey
Through this earthly vale of tears;
May God bless and guide their footsteps
Through the mists of future years.*

About Linda Lou.

By Jennie Roberts Mabey.

Away last Christmas Santa Claus put a pretty blue-eyed doll in Linda Lou's stocking. Then when Aunt Nan came a few months later, she brought another for her little niece's birthday. You've never heard of Aunt Nan, this Auntie of all aunts? Why she's Linda Lou's mamma's only sister and lives far off in California where oranges grow.

This last dolly came in a large box. How Linda Lou's eyes shone and her chubby fingers trembled when Aunt Nan uncovered the radiant creature. With brown eyes demurely closed it lay smilingly resting in its bed of soft tinted cotton. Then one article at a time wonderful clothes were held up for the little girl's inspection—the blue silk visiting gown, the pink mull afternoon dress, the white embroidered lingerie frock, slippers and stockings and hats for every occasion, and then sashes and girdles and sheer undermuslins. It all seemed a glorious dream came true to this little mother-child. She had seen such things in the shop windows, but the thought of ever having them for her very own had never entered her mind.

Just then Martin came up with his new book under his arm. In leaning over he pulled one of Linda Lou's curls on a button of his blouse. Somehow, it hurt so bad, Linda Lou forgot about Aunt Nan and everything else. She flew at her brother like an angry little hen, slapping and screaming at him and warning him to keep away from her.

These busts of temper grieved mamma so because she knew that Martin had not pulled his sister's hair intentionally. She looked at

Aunt Nan, who looked back at mamma.

"I think," Auntie said slowly, "that two dolls are too many for a little, cross girl like Linda Lou. There are so many good little girls who haven't any dolls at all."

A great lump filled up Linda Lou's throat and she began to cry.

"Dear me," said Aunt Nan, "let me see, Linda Lou. If you'll promise to try and govern that terrible little tongue of yours, and act differently towards Martin, in a week you may have the doll back."

A week was such a dreadfully long time to wait for anything, Linda Lou knew, because the week before Christmas passed so slowly. It had seven whole days in it. And twelve long hours in each day, and Aunt Nan didn't know how Martin teased, how he set the dog on her poor kitty, and tied her ribbons in knots threw them up on the coal-house roof, and how he made fun of her play house. How could anybody be kind to a brother, like that? Auntie ought to know she couldn't.

Linda Lou went mournfully out upon the porch and sat down upon the steps, where the sun was shining, to think it all over.

Presently sounds from the wash-house drew her attention, and she went in where Mrs. Kahn was doing the weekly washing. Linda Lou liked to see the woman plunge her arms into the foaming suds and see the clothes slide so easily up and down the wash board. She stood silently watching for a moment then said:

"Mrs. Kahn, has your little girl got a doll?"

"Ach, no," said the woman regretfully, pausing a moment. "Mine liddle gurl neffer haif no dolls."

"Didn't Santa Claus ever bring her one?"

"Santa Kloss, he neffer comes to poor peoples."

"Why, don't you buy her one then?"

"Mine poor childt, I haif nod der moneys. I didn't try to buy mine Marie von doll last Grismus budt ve haif to buy breadt und many dings to eat."

"Has Marie got any brothers?"

"She haif dhree liddle brudders. Blest der hearts!"

"Does she ever slap them?"

"No, no!" Mrs. Kahn slook her head violently "Marie loffs her liddle brudders dwo much vor dat."

Linda Lou's plump little cheeks flushed guiltily. Well she loved Martin too, but he did tease her so.

She went slowly back to the house. Some day she'd buy that little, good German girl a doll. She'd try her best to be good to Martin, too. When he teased she'd shut her mouth and eyes tight and put a finger in each ear, and then—oh that beautiful, beautiful dolly, and Linda Lou skipped joyfully up the steps.

True to her word Aunt Nan had put her doll away in mamma's bottom chiffonier drawer. Linda Lou was allowed to look at it as often as she liked, but was not to take it out. Aunt Nan said its smiling, pleasant, little face might help Linda Lou to remember not to be cross.

How Linda Lou did love to sit and dream beside the open drawer and smoothing the dark lustrous curls and rearranging the folds of this beauty's dress, she went over all the pretty names she had heard of and finally settled upon Rowena as the loveliest and most suitable.

As the days passed it was so hard to be good. There were dishes to wash and the baby to tend

besides lessons to learn. Linda Lou and Martin had been kept out of school because there was so much whooping-cough, but mamma had them prepare their lessons just the same.

Finally the week was up. Aunt Nan went home and Linda Lou come into possession of her treasure. On the same day Mrs. Kahn appeared telling Linda Lou's mamma that her little Marie was sick and that she couldn't wash until the next day, when a neighbor lady would stay with the little girl and her brothers.

"Oh mamma," Linda Lou said when Mrs. Kahn had gone. "I feel so sorry for that little Marie. She hasn't any doll at all. Please buy her one, mamma."

"Why not give her the one you got Christmas, dear, now that you have Rowena?"

"Oh mamma!" in utter bewilderment, "Give her Patty? Why I—I like Patty mamma. You see I've had her so long that she's just like my own little girl," and the little mother-child's heart beat apprehensively.

"Of course, dear, mamma knows you do but—"

"Oh mamma, I just *have* to have Patty sleep with me. She cuddles up so nice and Rowena is much too grand—"

"But my little girl must not grow up into a selfish woman. Think how much pleasure the doll will give little Marie."

"But Patty's my every-day doll, mamma, and I'm not always afraid of spoiling her curls and dresses."

"Well do just as you please about it, Linda Lou," and mamma went out into the kitchen looking just as if she had asked her little daughter to give away a piece of candy.

The child's eyes followed after

and she tried to speak but couldn't and rushed away to her own little bed-room to sob rebelliously over Patty's tangled curls.

Oh, if Linda Lou could only make mamma understand. Mamma had said she might do as she pleased and though the decision rested with her the child felt the obligation which loving obedience placed upon her. Taking Patty in her arms and crooning and talking to her in a choked, thin little voice, she began to undress her, removing the little gingham dress and donning her very best dress and bonnet. Then gently she laid aside all the doll's little belongings and packed them in a shoe box, the small best hat on top so that the tiny feather shouldn't get crushed.

Rowena sat near by in magnificent state, resplendent in silk gown and all attendant finery, but Linda Lou did not cast one glance that way. She hugged Patty closer. Patty was such a comfortable little doll. For a long time the child sat looking through tearful eyes beside her tiny trunk which yawned empty. The room, seemed strangely bare and cheerless and already she could feel the terrible gap that the doll's tiny presence filled. The longer she thought about it the harder and more impossible the sacrifice seemed. But suddenly mamma called and Linda Lou remembered with a start a long neglected duty. Laying the doll, Patty, down gently upon the bed she went out of the room, softly closing the door after.

Mrs. Kahn did not come to wash the next day as she had promised but the morning following she appeared with a tired, anxious face. Little Marie had been very very sick but seemed to be a great deal better when her mother left.

Mrs. Kahn broke down completely as she told Linda Lou's mamma

about her little girl and wiped her eyes with the corner of her stiff gingham apron.

"I'm yust so badt," she said weakly, "I haff no nerves at all."

Mamma was always kind and she bade the poor woman go back to her little daughter at the same time slipping some money into the trembling hand.

Linda Lou was really a very good little girl at heart. She made mistakes but she tried very hard and wanted to overcome them, and grow up to be like Aunt Nan and mamma. She had fully made up her mind about Patty now and bringing her and the box of clothes out went straight up to Mrs. Kahn.

"You can take Patty home to live with your little girl," she said bravely.

"Vat, nodt your own liddle dolls!" exclaimed the good woman, in her queer broken talk.

"Aunt Nan gave me a beautiful dolly for my birthday," Linda Lou explained, "and mamma said to give Patty to Marie."

"Ach, you are von goodt liddle gurl, and many danks, bucht mine Marie haff a doll all herself. She did feel so badt about it I said I buy her von. Mrs. Hines, my neighbor, she hear me and she bring Marie von dolls from der store. Ach! Mine liddle Marie, she loffs it so, I dink it iss making her vell."

A few days later Linda Lou wrote to Aunt Nan, telling her all about it.

"Of course," she had written, "I was verry glad to keep Patty miself, but I wanted to do sum think for that little Jermin girl so mamma let me take her sum fresh oisters and sum krakers and sum beefste. Mamma sed they wood be beter than candy. I had a reel nice time she sets up in a chair now, rite soon.

Linda Lou.

How Jesus Made a Home for Man.

By O. J. P. W.

Do you remember how Jesus was chosen in the great council in heaven to become the Christ, the Savior of the world, and how Lucifer rebelled and was cast out of heaven with all those who followed after him? There was a great war in heaven at that time—a war that lasted for many days, and that tried the strength and the faith of the spirits of heaven. But at last Lucifer and the rebel spirits were overpowered by the great army of Michael. Right and truth prevailed against evil. Lucifer, the father of lies, with his host of evil spirits, was cast down to the nethermost depths of hell. There he has ruled over evil ever since, while the loyal spirits of light have continued to dwell with their Father in the glorious kingdom of heaven.

Now, when the civil war in heaven was ended, a feeling of safety and peace came again to the spirits of light. Of course they were sorry that Lucifer had fallen with so many bright spirits. It is a dreadful thing to see an intelligent spirit sin, and it is a more dreadful thing still to see that spirit cast out forever from the presence of God the Father. But everyone must some day pay for the wrong he does. Therefore, Lucifer was driven out from heaven. And when the faithful spirits of heaven returned victorious from the war, they rejoiced at the peace and purity that had been restored to their sacred home. They sang songs of praise for their valiant general Michael, who had led them to victory. And time and again, too, they shouted hosanna for their Lord Emmanuel, who had been chosen to redeem them from eternal death.

In the great council held before

the war in heaven, God had said to those associated with him, "See" we will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of the materials there, and we will make an earth whereon these spirits may dwell." Now again he said to them, "Come, let us go down." And so the Gods went down at the beginning to form the heavens and the earth. Emmanuel, of course, went with them. He had been appointed before to become the Savior of man; now he was also appointed to have charge of the making of a home for him. Thus Jesus became really the creator, or the organizer, of the earth. That is what the Almighty meant when he said to Moses concerning the worlds he had made, "By the word of my power have I created them, which is mine Only Begotten Son, who is full of grace and truth." And that is what John, the beloved disciple, meant when he wrote at the beginning of his book, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, * * All things were made through him; and without him was not anything made that hath been made."

We do not know much about how Jesus proceeded to organize the earth. The accounts in the Bible and the Pearl of Great Price are so brief that we can tell but little about the steps of creation. We do know, however, that in that far-away beginning when the Gods went down to form the earth, all the materials that go to make the earth now were whirling about in space in a great tumbling, shapeless mass. Everything was there—the rocks and the metals, the waters and the air—all together in a great hodge-podge—mixed without order.



CREATION OF LIGHT.

Dore.

And the whole shapeless mass was hot—very hot—so hot that most of the things we know now as solids—like gold and iron and granite—were melted and changed into a thick kind of vapor or fog.

It was this kind of material from which Jesus made a home for man. At his command the formless mass began to take definite shape. The soil and the rocks, the air and the waters, the lead, the iron, the gold, the silver, the copper, the tin—all

things found in the earth—were gathered and became arranged in their proper order. At the word of Emmanuel the huge mass whirled round and round in space, and became cooler and cooler. By and by a great round ball was formed with a kind of crust of solid earth and rocks. The crust was covered with water; outside, was a thick, unwholesome, heavy kind of air; and over all was darkness black as midnight, for no light could pass

through the thick heavy vapors to shine within.

Thus an orderly earth was formed by the power of Jesus out of chaos. We do not know how long it took—the Lord alone knows that. It must have taken a very long time, however, probably thousands and thousands of years. In the Book of Abraham no record is made of this time. We are merely told that in the beginning the earth was formed “and the earth after it was formed, was empty and desolate, because they (the Gods) had not fromed anything but the earth; and the darkness reigned upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of the Gods was brooding upon the face of the waters.”

Now, after the earth had been formed in this way, Emmanuel, or Jesus, began to prepare it further for man. He cleared and purified the air and caused the light to come to the earth to shine upon it. He formed the clouds, and caused them to float aloft in the air, so that the waters on the earth were separated from the waters above the earth. He caused the waters on the earth to form oceans and the dry land to rise and to appear above the surface of the waters. He appointed the sun to give light to the earth and to rule the day, and the moon and the stars to rule the night. And all these things that Jesus did were very good. The earth was made ready with light, and wholesome air and clouds, and seas, and dry land; and the sun and the moon were appointed to rule by day and by night. But there was yet no life upon the new earth.

Then Jesus began to bring life to the earth. He caused it to bring forth lichens and mosses, and ferns, and herbs, and grasses, and trees, and all the plants of the field. There was no flower or plant of any kind

that Jesus did not cause to grow. Then he organized the animals. He formed the fishes and all the swarms of living creatures with which the waters are filled. He formed great reptiles and every creeping thing, and the cattle of the field, and every living creature that moves upon the earth. He made the winged birds that fly in the air, each after its own kind. And to them all he said, “Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth.” Thus the new earth was filled with living creatures of every kind.

Now the earth was a beautiful place indeed. Out of the confusion of the first great shapeless mass Jesus, by the power of his word, had brought order and peace. Huge towering mountains were uplifted and their heads were crowned with eternal snow. Deep, peaceful valleys were formed, with quiet lakes nestling cosily at the mountains' feet. Roaring river-torrents hurried down the mountain sides, and dreamy little streams wound slowly over the plains. The level fields and the valleys were covered with flowers and fruits and grains. Forest and field and sea teemed with birds and beasts of every kind. And everywhere on the new earth was peace—only peace. In the waters the hungry shark and the minnow swam peacefully side by side. On the land the lion and the lamb played fearlessly together. In the air the vulture and the dove soared together in perfect love. Love filled the world utterly. There was no evil in it at all.

And when the spirits in heaven saw the new earth—how good and pleasant and peaceful it was—they rent the air with great shouts of joy. They sang loud praises to their God; they danced and played and made merry; and they shouted hosanna, hosanna, again and again.

It was that scene of rejoicing that the Lord had in mind when he asked of Job,

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth?

* * * * *

When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

To Jesus the spirits sang loud

praises, for he had directed the great organization. To him the grateful spirits shouted hosanna hallelujah. Thus then was great rejoicing in heaven. The earth was prepared and made ready to be a home for man. Everything that Jesus had done was good. There was no spot or blemish in it at all. "And God saw everything that he had made and behold it was very good."

BOOKS.

By Maud Baggarley.

<i>Books! Ye monuments of ages,</i>	<i>Untold wealth of many ages —</i>
<i>Everlasting as the hills,</i>	<i>All the work that man has done—</i>
<i>Spurring men to deeds of daring—</i>	<i>All he's thought and said and suf-</i>
<i>At your call the spirit thrills.</i>	<i>fered—</i>
	<i>All he's mastered, yes—and sung.</i>

*Stone and clay, parchment, paper,
On each and all he found a way
To make a time-enduring record,
Glorious heritage of our day!*

*Books! ye friends, forever friendly,
If men love ye not in youth
Ye withhold when they shall seek
you,
Richest stores of hidden truth.
Written for the Juvenile.*

His Air Castles.

Leon Newren, B. Y. U.

"Oh, hang it all! I can't do this. The crazy old pettifogger! He ain't got a bit of sense to give us all that whopper lesson! I won't get it for him; and nobody like him!" passionately cried a boy of ten, as he came in and slammed his book down on the centre table.

Hal Morgan was weary of his lessons. They were becoming irksome, because of the worry they always brought. After this outbreak he flung himself on the sofa to rest. For a time his brain whirled; but presently his thoughts ran into the future, where he saw the marvelous things he was going to accomplish.

The nation is at war. He enlists as a volunteer. Everybody admires his courage, when he leaves for headquarters. The commanders recognize his skill. He is made a general and leads the army in battle. In a short time they march, according to orders, to surprise the enemy. While going through a forest, they are attacked by an ambushed foe. Commanding the soldiers to follow, he dashes through the high grass, and comes suddenly into an opening. He is quickly surrounded. But with a revolver in one hand, and a sword in the other, he soon extricates himself by cutting down men on each side. His soldiers come to his relief, and with their aid, he routs the foe. The newspapers speak of his valor, and he is respected as a great man.

The war is ended, and alone he goes to explore the wilds of Africa. The natives fear him, and dare not do him harm. He is armed with a hunting knife as sharp as a razor, an army rifle, and plenty

of ammunition. He hires a native to carry the bulk of the ammunition and the provisions. One day, while threading his way through the jungle, he hears a fierce growl close by. Turning around quickly, he is startled to behold the crouching form of a huge tiger. Instantly he levels his gun. The tiger crouches lower, beating its tail sharply against the ground.

BANG!!

Gr—r—r—r!

The shot has failed to bring down the beast, and painfully wounded, it leaps upon him. He is borne to the ground, but instantly the deadly hunting knife is plunged five or six times in rapid succession into the breast of the infuriated animal. The blood spurts from the wounds, and the tiger sinks to the earth.

The first big adventure over with, he proceeds on the exploration. Much big game is bagged in the course of the trip. His explorations are far greater than Stanley's. So the world praises him as a hero.

Returning from his trip to his home, he is received and honored by his old acquaintances. He is cheered wildly when he appears in public. He gets up before audiences, and moves them with his graphic and eloquent descriptions of his life since he left there. The young ladies smile at him, when he passes, and appear very anxious to be in his society. Indeed, everyone likes him, and he has no worry or vexation at all.

His life seems a paradise, with but one little anxiety. There is a certain young lady with a most

bewitching smile that gives him some concern, for she seems to like other young men better than she does him. He manages to stroll about one cool evening with her, however, and is so intoxicated with the charm of her presence, that he summons up all his boldness to ask if she cares just a little for him.

She drops her head and looks at the ground. The blushes spread over her cheeks, and color them rosy red. Her arm trembles slightly in his, but she doesn't answer. He asks if she is going to answer his

question. Then she looks up smilingly into his face, and answers, "Yes." He clasps her to his breast, and———

"Harry! Harry! Get off that sofa this minute. Don't you know it's chore time. Hurry up. It'll be dark before you get the cows milked. Do you hear?"

"Yes—e—s," slowly answers Harry as he stupidly arises from the couch, cursing cows, school-teachers, and lessons—yet feeling that dreaming is not doing.

Rippling Waters.

By Sarah E. Milton.

*O rippling waters, sing for me:
I love to hear your melody;
Your music's sweet e'en day or night,
Or in the noon-tide hot and bright.*

*How often in the heat of day,
I've sat and watched your ripples play,
And throten upon your unsmooth face,
Dry reeds which found no resting place.*

*And oft again in hush of night,
I've watched the moon-beams soft and white,
On your broad ripple fall asleep,
While round your banks dark shades would creep.*

*O rippling waters, gift from God,
Sent here to moisten earth's scorching sod.
To cool man's throbbing, heated brain—
Send moisture heavenward again.*

*Happy, so happy as you go,
No hand would dare to stay your flow,
Or seek to still your rippling song,
As in your course you move along.*

*Sing unto God who guides your floe—
Sing to the angels as you go;
Sing through the forest, field and dell,
Your song is earth's endless farewell.*

*Sweet, rippling waters, floe along—
Nor cease ye ever in your song—
Sing unto all who near you stay,
Sing in your own appointed way.*

Written for the Juvenile.

Children of the Mill.

III.

HOW THEY SPENT THE FOURTH.

It was the third of July, and the children were planning how they could spend the Fourth.

"Let's have a parade and have Leah for Goddess of Liberty," suggested Beth.

"But there won't be any one to look at us," Ada replied.

"We can play the logs are people, and we can go round and round the mill-yard with flags. Sam and Bob can ride their ponies and Leah can ride on a log cart. I think that would be fine."

"I know something else we can do," added Sam. "We boys and Leah will go up to the snow slide and get some ice to make ice-cream."

"Good! good! that's what we'll do!" cried Leah.

High up in the mountains where the snow lay all the year round, they could get fine ice. Under the snow there were great cakes of it. As the snow and ice melted in summer, little streams of the coldest water ran out from under it, and down the mountain side to help feed the big creek in the valley.

When the Thomas family wanted ice, they took a gunny sack with saw-dust in it to keep the ice from melting, and a hatchet to chop it out with, then climbed the mountain side and helped themselves.

"It's a long, hard climb to the snow. So we must start early," said Leah, "or we won't be back in time to make the cream and have any fun."

"It looks like it's going to storm," said Bob.

"I think it will storm tonight and be clear tomorrow," said Leah.

And so it did. That night the rain came down in torrents, and the thunder shook the house. But in the morning the sun was shining brightly.

"I believe," said Mr. Thomas, at breakfast, "that there was a cloud-burst up the canyon last night. I never say a harder rainstorm."

"I hope it didn't burst down below," said one of the men who worked at the mill, "for we're going down to the valley today to celebrate."

"We're going after the ice now, mother," said Leah. "John is going, too, and take his gun; so we'll be safe."

"Be careful and don't wade in the snow or eat ice when you're warm from climbing," cautioned her mother.

The trail to the snow started about two miles up the canyon. They took the main road until they came to it. The road as far as the trail was very badly washed by the last night's rain. The farther they went the worse it got. About half a mile from the trail a cloud had burst and washed the road away. Nothing was left but huge boulders.

"My!" said Leah, "no teams can pass here today."

"Nor any other day till this road is fixed."

They scrambled over the boulders for about the length of a block, then the road became better. As they turned a curve, they saw a light-covered wagon standing there. A young lady sat in it holding a baby on her lap.

"That's Dr. Anderson's wagon," said John. "I saw them going up to the lakes about a week ago."

When they reached the wagon

Leah asked, "Is the baby sick?"

"It's very sick," answered the young lady, bursting into tears.

Leah said how sorry she felt, and asked if she could do anything to help.

Just then Dr. Anderson came down the road and said, "I can't get anyone to help us at Mill B, and we can't get over that road without help."

"The men at our mill were going

"May we go on after the ice?" asked Sam, looking at John.

"No," was the answer, "Mother would not like you to go without me; you'd better come home now."

"Where were you going?" asked the doctor.

"Just up to get some ice to make ice-cream, but we can do that just as well some other day," John answered.

The boys turned back as fast as



THE FARTHER THEY WENT THE WORSE IT GOT.

down to the valley," said John, "but I don't think they've left yet. I'll go down and see; 'm sure they'll help you."

"Thank you; the baby became very ill last night, and I feel that we must get to town today."

they could, while Leah stayed to see if she could comfort the young lady.

The men had just gone when the boys reached the mill, but Sam jumped on his pony and soon overtook them. When he told them

about the doctor, they said they would turn back and help him.

There were four men, and John and Mr. Thomas made six. Taking such tools as they thought they would need, they went up the canyon.

Mrs. Thomas thought she would have a good meal for them when they came down, and something that the doctor and his daughter could eat, too. So she set to work.

"The only thing to do," said Mr. Thomas, when they reached the doctor's wagon, "is to carry the wagon over the wash-out."

So they unhitched the horses and took off the wagon tongue. Three men got on each side, and in that way they carried the wagon, with Miss Anderson and her little sick brother in it, safely over the bad part of the road. Of course they had to rest often, and be very careful not to tip the wagon. So it took a long time to get over.

The horses were led across and hitched to the wagon again.

On the way to the mill the men walked by the wagon to steady it over the worst places.

When they reached the mill, Mrs. Thomas begged the doctor to rest awhile and have something to eat.

She learned from him that his little two-year-old child had had the whooping-cough very badly, and thinking the mountain air would help it the family had come the

week before to their cottage at the head of the canyon. Mrs. Anderson was ill; so his daughter had come along to care for her little brother.

Mrs. Thomas took food to Miss Anderson, who still sat in the wagon holding the baby, and did all she could for her.

Doctor Anderson wanted to pay the men for helping him, but they would not take money for their work.

"I shall never forget your kindness in giving up your pleasure to help me," said the Doctor. "I know you do not often have a holiday, and that makes your kindness all the greater!" He thanked Mrs. Thomas and the boys many times for their treatment of him, and then drove down the canyon on his sad journey.

He did not forget anyone who helped him; for with the next mail he sent magazines and books for the men and story-books and papers for the children. This was quite a treat, because in those days books and magazines were not so plentiful as they are today. Nor did he send them once only, but all that summer and for many summers after.

The men stayed at the mill that Fourth, and the children went without their ice cream; but somehow they did not seem to mind it at all. Can you tell why?

**A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.**

Mother Goose.

The Tramp.

By Annie Malin.

He walked slowly along the dusty road, tired and hungry, a ragged boy of barely sixteen. He had asked for food and had been refused at both of the farmhouses which he had passed since he had crept from the pile of straw which had been his bed, and now with the sun beating on his aching head, his bruised feet almost out of his worn-out shoes, and despair in his heart he approached the house of Farmer Brown.

A woman stepped to the door, a horn in her hand, for it was dinner time, and the farmer and his hired man must be called from the field, and there was no one to send. At sight of the tramp she dropped the horn and sprang forward with white face and rapidly-beating heart, for she thought it might be her own boy, who had left the farm a year before, and had gone no one knew where. She looked wildly in his face and with a low cry of disappointment dropped at his feet. The startled tramp sprang to her assistance, and with gentle hands and soothing words helped her to her feet.

"I wouldn't hurt you, ma'am," he said, tenderly. "I have a mother somewhere," and his eyes filled with tears.

Not understanding the cause of her excitement he imagined she was afraid of him. In broken words she explained and told him of her only son, who, at a few harsh words from his father, had left the old home without a word. "I am watching and praying for poor Tom all the time," she said, "and he may be starving like you are, poor fellow," and bidding him sit down in

the shade she got a glass of milk, which he drank thirstily. Then she picked up the horn and summoned the men.

"Bless me," exclaimed Farmer Brown, "who is this, wife?"

"I don't know, Joe," answered his wife, "but he is nearly starved, whoever he is," and she looked entreatingly into her husband's eyes.

"Who knows, Joe," she said in a low tone, "but what our poor Tom looks like that?"

While she spoke the farmer was looking at the tramp. "Well, Hannah," he said, kindly, "take him in and feed him, poor misguided lad. No doubt he has caused his parents sorrow like our Tom has, but we won't turn him away. Perhaps some of Tom's old duds will fit him."

So the boy was fed, and after he was washed clean and had put on a half-worn suit of Tom's he proved to be a good-looking boy, rather quiet in manner, and reserved in speech.

He refused to tell his name. "Call me Jack Green," he said. "The first is my own, and the other suits me," he said, with a grimace; and so Jack Green he was, and by his eagerness to help with the chores, and his thoughtfulness, he soon won the love of Mrs. Brown, and the friendship of her husband.

Mrs. Brown often spoke of her absent son, and Jack would say, "He will come home, Mrs. Brown; he will get enough of it and come back," and she grew more hopeful and happier than since Tom went away.

"God bless him and bring him back to me," she said, one day as

she worked, while Jack helped, and Jack said, "Surely God will reward you for your kindness to me. I ask Him every night, Mrs. Brown, the first time I have prayed since I left my own mother."

Mrs. Brown looked at him, sorrowfully: "Jack, my boy," she said, "why don't you write to your mother? Think of her sorrowing, as you see me, and write a word asking her forgiveness. She will forgive you, I know."

But the boy shook his head?

"Not yet," he said; "I vowed I'd never go home while my step-father is there."

"It is no sin to break a foolish vow," she said, kindly; "at any rate let her know you are with friends."

One day, soon after this, Jack brought Mrs. Brown a letter, and sat down while she read it.

"Thank God;" she exclaimed, "it is from my boy."

She opened it eagerly, and not stopping to look at a picture which

fell out, read the contents rapidly.

"Dear Mother," it began, "I have found a home with a kind woman, and am as happy as I can be away from you and father, and she has talked to me and made me see how cruel I have been to my best friends. Dear mother, forgive me and ask father to do the same, and some day I'll come back to you a better boy than I ever was before. This is Mrs. Lane's picture, and she says to tell you she knows what it is to have trouble, for her boy ran away, too, and that is why she took me in, for she says God will protect her Jack if she helps some other poor mother's boy. Write to me, mother. Your loving boy, *Tom Brown.*"

As she finished the letter, the tears streaming down her cheeks, she picked up the photograph. As she turned it over, Jack sprang to his feet with a low cry. He snatched the picture from the astonished Mrs. Brown, crying, "Oh, mother! mother! it is my mother."

Spring Song.

From "Pippa Passes."

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in this heaven—
All's right with the world.

The Return of the Birds.

By Christine Uattall.

With the first signs of longer days and milder weather, there is a feeling of gladness in the air, and signs of renewed life greet the eye on every hand. One of the most welcome of all the pleasant incidents of spring is the return of the birds.

No sooner do the green blades of grass appear, or the buds begin to swell, than we become aware of a stirring of life about us, and soon discover that we are surrounded by the joyous, happy songsters that we have missed during the long, cold winter.

The little brown sparrows that have braved the cold, seem so grateful for the first warm days, that they cannot control their feelings. They hop about, twittering and chirping, from early morning until night-fall.

Our attention is drawn to the gallant robin, with his red vest and brown coat, who seems so tame and friendly; and also to the modest little blue-bird flying about in the orchards and meadows. As the weather gets warmer other birds appear, announcing their arrival by their early morning songs.

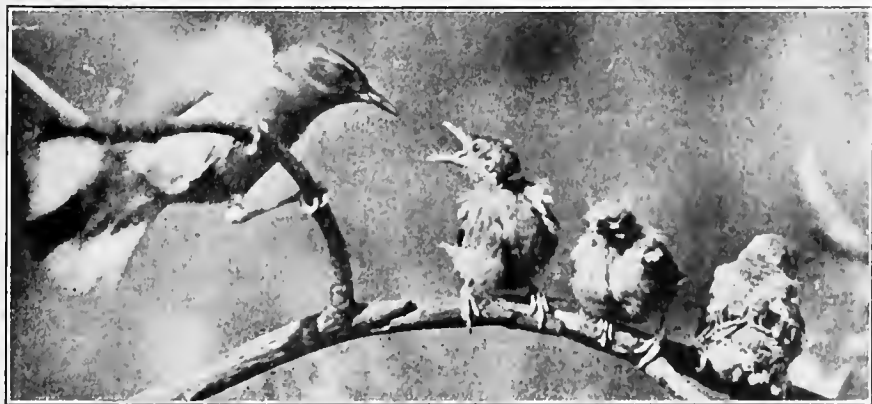
These dear friends seem to have very little time for pleasure. They soon become busy flying here and

there by pairs in search of a place to build their nests.

The trees are in full leaf and afford numerous ideal building spots. It is interesting to watch two of these little fellows fly in and out of some nook or corner, and listen to their chirp, chirp, as they discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the place. Presently, not being satisfied, they fly away in search of better quarters. They seem to have intelligent guidance, for they invariably choose a place well protected from the weather, and out of reach of their enemies.

The work of building begins and the birds, large and small, seem to be among the busiest of mortal creatures. Yet in the midst of their work, they have time to fly up into a tree top and carol forth a song of helpfulness and cheer for all around them, also to sing a hymn of praise before commencing their day's work.

I think it would profit the life of every one to study the nature and habits of birds. Notice especially the cheerfulness they seem to bring with them; their care and industry in making their homes, and the patience of the mother in caring for her eggs and young.





The Tale of the Littlest Mouse.

The littlest mouse lived with his father and mother and little brothers in a small round nest in a field. He was very happy, playing in the field all day, and going to sleep—snug and warm at night—in his grassy bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Field Mouse had seen the world, and knew how to bring up their children. They taught them never to go into the streets, where there were cats and dogs and great horses and carts going by, and all sorts of danger.

One day there came to visit them a big, sleek, fat, gray mouse—a cousin who lived in a house on a street. The little Field Mice were overawed by his fine ways.

"You would never be contented here if you could once see my house," he said to them. "Such feasts as we have! There is always cheese in the dresser. The maids are careless, and they leave everything around. There is really too much to eat."

The little Field Mice opened their eyes. Very often in their home there was not enough to go around. They knew what it was to go hungry to bed. The idea of any one

having too much to eat filled them with envy.

After the cousin had gone, the little mice said to the father and mother: "Why can't we live in a house, and have more than we want to eat? Why can't we be fat, and have a fine gray coat like cousin's?"

But the wise parents said: "Don't be carried away by such tales. Your cousin is proud and makes the most of his good things. He didn't tell you about the cat that lives in the house and has eaten up three of his family. He didn't tell you of the big steel traps lying about, nor how his brother got caught in one of the dreadful things. You may not have such good things to eat, nor wear such a fine coat, but it is better to be safe and happy in a small, humble home than to be always afraid in a big, handsome one."

The littlest mouse thought differently. They did not understand, he thought; he wanted to find out for himself. So, that night, after they had been snugly tucked in bed and his father and mother had gone to sleep, he stole softly out across the dark field and into the street to his cousin's house. Trembling with ex-

citement, he gnawed his way into the cellar.

Never had he seen such a place before—so big and so dark. He heard something move near him, and he jumped in fright, but to his joy he saw that it was only his fat, sleek cousin. The littlest mouse explained how he had run away, and that he wanted to see the life his cousin had told him about.

"Well," said the big, gray mouse, "come with me, and I'll show you around, but look out for the cat!"

They started on their journey through the big house, and the littlest mouse opened his eyes in wonder, and said so many times that he wished he, too, might live there.

"You're happier where you are," said the cousin, and the littlest mouse wondered what he meant. At last they reached the dining-room. There had been a fine supper that night, and the careless maids had let it stand until morning. Here was a feast, indeed! There were a pie and cake and crackers and cheese. Five other mice were there enjoying the good things—all of them as sleek and fat as the cousin. The littlest mouse followed their example, and began enjoying himself, too. But just as their fun was at its height, there was a scuffle, a squeal, and a scampering; for a big, gray cat bounded into the room and caught the mouse that was nearest the door.

Wild with fright, the other mice scampered away from the room. They ran to their holes, the big, gray cousin making room for the littlest mouse with him; and there

they stayed, not daring to breathe, even, for a long time. At last they ventured out again into the kitchen, and while the cousin nosed around, the littlest mouse spied a big bit of cheese in a beautiful, shiny box. He made a dive for the tempting bit.

Snap! Click! The littlest mouse was fast. He knew, now, what a trap was.

"Help! help!" he cried.

The cousin ran to the rescue.

"Oh, you silly mouse!" he cried; "you will never get out. They'll come in the morning and give you to the cat. Oh, it was just so with your cousin who was caught in the trap last week! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The littlest mouse was wild with fright. He struggled and he wriggled. Something sharp cut his foot, but he hardly felt the pain. If he could only get loose and back to his own home! Would he ever see it again? He twisted in and out. Harder and harder he wriggled until—slowly, inch by inch—he worked himself out and was free again.

"That's because you are such a little fellow," said his cousin. "I never could have got out."

With a hurried good-by, the little mouse ran as fast as his bruised leg would carry him out of the house and across the fields to his old home. His mother had awakened and missed him. How glad she was to see him! She cared for the poor sore foot; then wrapped him snugly in his little grass bed, where he went to sleep—happy and safe—and determined never to leave home again.

The cause of human liberty is the cause of God.

—JOSEPH SMITH.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - - MAY, 1909

The General Superintendency.

At the general Sunday-school conference held Sunday evening, April fourth, a very important change in the General Superintendency was effected. After the preliminary extraneous remarks, the conference was opened by a few remarks by President Smith. President Smith said:

"We are sorry to be under the necessity of reporting to this assembly and conference the extreme ill health of our beloved brother

George Reynolds, than whom, I suppose, no member of the Union Board, and no officer of the Sunday school in all the Church has been more diligent, more faithful or more thorough for all the years that he has been associated with this work. His health has entirely failed him, and it is impossible for him to attend to the duties of this calling. It is therefore with deep regret and sorrow that we propose at this conference to give him an honorable release from the position that he has so nobly filled for so many years, as Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday schools. Nothing that I could say would express my real feelings, the real feelings of my heart, for the necessity that appears in this case to take the action that we now propose; but as the School Board are needing efficient laborers, and Brother Reynolds is no longer able to attend to his duties, it is with heart-felt regret that we give him this honorable release, and propose another to fill his place. We propose that Brother David O. McKay be sustained at the conference, when his name shall be presented, as First Assistant Superintendent, and also propose the appointment and election of Brother Stephen L. Richards to fill the vacancy remaining to be filled."

Concerning this reorganization of the general superintendency nothing more need really be said than is here expressed by our beloved chief, President Joseph F. Smith. Everyone who has known anything at all of Sunday school work during the years that are past, knows what a faithful energetic worker President Reynolds has always been.

As expressed above, nothing we can say would express our real feelings in losing the labors and the counsel of President Reynolds. We are sorry to lose him; our hearts go out to him in sympathy in his present illness; we pray for him.

Concerning those who are now sustained as assistants to General superintendent Joseph F. Smith, again very little need be said. Apostle David O. McKay is well known to the Church at large. His phenomenally successful labors in the superintendency of the Weber Stake Sunday-school Union were watched with interest before he became one of the Lord's special witnesses. His great influence for better Sunday-schools since he became second-assistant general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday-school Union Board, has been felt not only on that board, but also throughout the stakes of Zion. We are glad to welcome him as our first assistant general superintendent.

Brother Stephen L. Richards, too, has already made an enviable record in Sunday school work. Before he became a member of the General Board, he was a member of the superintendency of the Salt Lake Stake Sunday-school Union. There his influence was widely felt. To this day the labors of Brother Richards are spoken of and referred to by members of the Stake. Since becoming a member of the General Board, Brother Richards has made a record as a strong, constant, and reliable worker. His enthusiasm for the Sunday-school work has always been unbounded. No better choice could have been made for the General superintendency.

The present organization is exceptionally strong. We may look for great things—things that will overcome the few remaining defects in our Sunday-school system, and

make it unquestionably the best in the world.

The New Song Book.

Elsewhere in this issue we state the prices of the new Deseret Sunday-school book, and the exchange rates when old books are sent in for the new. It is earnestly to be hoped that Sunday-schools will begin to purchase the new books as soon as they can conveniently do so. As a church we stand for the best of everything. We encourage our children to learn to appreciate the best, and to stand for the best. And it can honestly be said that new song book is one of the best things the Deseret Sunday School Union has ever put forth. The committee in charge is to be congratulated on the judicious selection of songs, both old and new on the mechanical make up of the book, and on its neat cover design and genial appearance. The powerful influence of music has been recognized since the world was young. So also has been the beauty. Unquestionably much better results can be obtained with the new, neat, attractive, and convenient song book than with the old one. Get the new song book as soon as you can; it will help your school.

The Paramount Need.

We call attention to the views expressed by representative Stake Sunday School superintendents as to the greatest present need in our Sunday Schools. These opinions are very interesting, and point all in one direction. We hope that every Sunday School teacher will read these opinions, then place himself in the witness box. We shall have more to say about them in future issues.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS.

Sunday School Union Conference

The Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, convened Sunday evening, April 4th, 1909, at the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah.

There was probably the largest attendance ever present at a Sunday School Conference, the Tabernacle being packed.

The following program was carried out:

Song, "God is Love," Davis Stake Sunday Schools and Congregation, under direction of Prof. Charles Kent.

Invocation.

"The Children's Song Prayer," Davis Stake Sunday Schools and Congregation.

Roll of Stakes, Reports and Presentation of Sunday School Officers.

"Classmates' Song," Davis Stake Sunday Schools.

Topic, "The Greatest Need in Our Sunday School Work," Four minute talks by the following Stake Superintendents: Amasa L. Clark of Davis; Wm. T. Atkin of Ensign; Joseph F. Merrill of Granite; Ezra C. Dalby of Fremont; Hugh B. Folsom of Liberty; O. J. P. Widtsoe of Salt Lake.

"The Lord is My Shepherd," Davis Stake Sunday Schools.

Remarks by Elder Howard R. Driggs.

Song by Class of Indians from Malad Stake

Remarks by General Superintendency.

Song, "On One and All," Davis Stake Sunday Schools.

Benediction.

The following Officers of the

Deseret Sunday School Union were sustained: Joseph F. Smith, General Superintendent; David O. McKay, First Asst. General Superintendent; Stephen L. Richards, Second Asst. General Superintendent; George D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer. Members of the Board: Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards, Jos. W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Hugh J. Cannon, Andrew Kimball, James W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John M. Mills, William D. Owen, Seymour B. Young, George D. Pyper, Henry Peterson, Anthon H. Lund, John R. Winder, James E. Talmage, George M. Cannon, Horace Cummings, Josiah Burrows, Wm. A. Morton, Horace S. Ensign, Henry H. Rolapp, Harold G. Reynolds, John Henry Smith, Charles B. Felt, George H. Wallace, Howard R. Driggs.

Secretary George D. Pyper read the following report: Total number of Sunday Schools in the Church, 1164, an increase for the year of 59 schools; total number of children in Stakes between the ages of 4 and 20, inclusive, 122,365; of these 105,555 are enrolled leaving a balance of 16,810 unenrolled. Number of school sessions held 51,126, an increase of 1,203 regular meetings. Number of officers and teachers enrolled 19,096—an increase of 1213. Percentage of attendance in Stakes 64—an increase of 1 per cent. In missions 84—a loss of 1 per cent.

PUPILS.

Males 61,169; females, 66,044—

4,875 more girls than boys. Last year the difference was 5,227; so it seems the boys have lessened this surplus by 1352.

Total number of pupils enrolled, 127,213—an increase of 5,928 as against 1,287 last year.

DEPARTMENTS.

Kindergarten, 27,311—an increase of 3,563.

Primary, 25,391, an increase of 2,329.

First Intermediate, 27,741—an increase of 690.

2nd Intermediate, 20,731—an increase of 1,014.

Theological, 26,039—decrease of 668.

The percentage of attendance of pupils in the organized stakes was 59, the same as last year; in missions 67—a loss of 3 per cent.

Enrolled in Parents Classes, 16,594—an increase of 3,618 in the stakes. The average attendance in classes was 41 per cent—a gain of 1 per cent; or, 1,338 more parents attended Sunday school each Sunday in 1908 than the year previous.

Total Sake officers, 835—an increase of 141.

Grand total of Sunday school officers and pupils, 163,738—an increase of 10,213.

Within the last two years there has been an increase of 21,455 in the enrolled membership of our Sunday schools.

“The Greatest Need in the Sunday School Work.”

Four minute talks by Stake superintendents.

ELDER AMASA L. CLARK.

Superintendent of Davis Stake Sunday Schools.

I should treat as one of the very

most important phases of our work in the Sabbath school, the spiritual side. It is said that the “letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.” Surrounded with so many blessings, and living, as it were, so near the Church, it is very difficult at times for us to fully sense the spirit of our work as Sunday school officers and teachers. We all know that there is no labor that is so remunerative as our efforts in the Sunday school work and in the gospel and the great work in general that we are engaged in. We are prone to incline to the idea of the “golden calf” and to be absorbed too much with our daily duties that view the situation, in my estimation, would be a very beneficial thing. I hold that it is not so much what we have as that which we appreciate that makes us happy. I say nothing against our splendid discipline, our necessary preparation, our sanitary conditions. They are all closely related to the subject and to the topic of which I speak. But I think that all of our lessons and labors are to some degree in vain unless they are sealed by that spirit and unless we get our children to drink of that water of which when they drink they shall never thirst. A minister is said to have become discouraged with his small audience. He noticed that the theatre was crowded, and in consultation with an actor, he marvelled at this condition. The actor said to the minister, “The trouble is that you deal with truth as though it were fiction, while we on the stage while we deal with fiction still we deal with it as though it were the truth.”

I recommend that we often consider the blessings that we enjoy, and that we more prayerfully pursue our labors, that we may have the true spirit of the Sunday school

work, and that when our children leave us they will be anxious to come back and be fed by that true spirit of the Sunday school work. Praying the Lord to bless us all, which is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER WILLIAM T. ATKIN.

*Superintendent of Ensign Stake
Sunday Schools.*

Systematic organization, sacrifice, work, work, work.

The greatest need in our Sunday school system today is honest, earnest, prayerful, pains-taking work, tempered throughout with love for the work and for all those among whom and for whom the labor is expended, the retention of the boys and girls already members of the school and insurance of their regularity in attendance, and also addition to our present enrollment. It means brethren and sisters who are willing to sacrifice not only their teaching efforts, but all the time necessary to visit in the homes of the boys and girls, in overseeing the performance by the parents of their duties toward their children, and who are directed by the Holy Spirit that will inspire them to love God's work and a desire to affiliate His people in the Sunday school capacity, laboring with our younger brethren and sisters in the spirit of love and a desire to aid them and win their friendship through not only the pleasures that come into their lives but sympathizing with them in their disappointments and aiding them to pass over the slippery portions of their lives successfully and triumphantly, until we have woven our carefully guarded solicitude into their life's being until they can act and reason for themselves. We have the God-given power to direct their course with

little danger of resentment from them. Too many teachers and some officers, I fear, in the great Sunday school work, are willing to accept the honor of such positions who are found wanting when the sacrifice necessary to carry on the work to a successful conclusion is required. We are all dependent creatures, first upon the Lord and His divine favor, and secondly, upon each other. And while we labor and encourage our boys and girls to renewed activity which will give them strength to fight life's battles to the successful end and to the glory of their salvation, we must not overlook the fact of our own dependency and that of others engaged in the same work, and with loving kindness remind the parents who make up the enrollment in a department of our schools of the prayerful watchcare we are exercising towards their children, and the desire that we have to hold them within Sunday school until the testimonies they have of the divinity of God's work will be sufficiently strengthened that there will be slight danger of their future life's trials and temptations tearing them asunder from the great work of the Lord, and also further calling to their attention that in this enlightened period a special feature of the whole work for their betterment and help has been instituted under the title of the parent's class in the great work of our Sunday school where their children can witness that to take part in the services under the direction of the servants of the Lord is not belittling but of sufficient importance and worth that the parents are not only willing to aid in the work but their pleasure is added to materially by their having the privilege to do so, by their presence in the various schools throughout the Church,

lending dignity to the various sessions of our Sunday schools.

Again I repeat the crying need in our Sunday school today is brethren and sisters who thoroughly love the Lord and His service, and who are not only thoroughly willing to accept His honor, but to devote their services to His cause, with love and pains-taking sacrifice to do the actual work the Spirit of the Lord may direct.

May the Lord bless us all in this glorious work, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER JOSEPH F. MERRILL,

Superintendent of Granite Stake Sunday Schools.

Brethren and sisters, I answer the question that has been proposed in the light of my experience acquired in Granite Stake, and I say that our greatest need is a greater spirit of loyalty among our officers and teachers. Of course this conveys the same idea that the two previous speakers have given you, a more enthusiastic devotion to our work is our greatest need. In saying this I do not cast any reflection upon the workers of Granite Stake. I verily believe they are the best Sunday school workers in the church, and I say this for the same reason that Mrs. Merrill is the best wife in the world. She is my wife; they are workers with whom I am associated. We often hear it said by members of the Church that we do the very best that we can. The statement is hardly ever true. It is a hackneyed phrase that has largely lost its meaning with us. We never do, or seldom do, the very best that we can. And yet I challenge any honest right-spirited Sunday school worker to face a Sunday school audience without feeling in his heart a trembling for the responsibility

that is placed upon him, and without feeling that the very best efforts that he can put forth in whatever capacity he may be called to labor are worthy of his best endeavors, and that he should put those efforts forth. In Granite Stake I think we need to do more as the careful business man does, meeting our engagements more promptly, more regularly. Last November we arose one morning and found the ground covered with snow. The street cars were all stopped. I knew of a number of officers and teachers in Granite stake who walked four or five miles through 20 inches of snow to their work. When we get the spirit of our work sufficiently burning in our hearts we would walk double that distance to meet Sunday school appointments, if necessary. When we get the right spirit in our hearts, we will allow nothing that is possible for us to overcome to stand between us and our work. We will seek diligently to the Lord to inspire us with His spirit that we may labor acceptably in His sight. We will also feel that any endeavor that is possibly within our power shall be put forth, because the cause is sufficiently worthy of that effort and that endeavor.

My constant prayer is that our officers and teachers will have this spirit burning in their hearts. I ask it all in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER EZRA C. DALBY,

Superintendent of Fremont Stake Sunday Schools.

We need teachers, in our stake, men and women who have a passion for the saving of souls. We want those who have an intense love for the Sunday school work, and

not those who teach from a mere sense of duty. We want teachers who do not look upon it as a great sacrifice but their great opportunity to win salvation and happiness. We want workers who look upon their calling as coming direct from God. We want to have them to feel that they were chosen before they were born to this work, and that no one in the world can do it as well as they. We need teachers who look upon their Sunday school work or calling the biggest thing that could come to them in life, and who are willing to dedicate themselves and all their gifts and powers in preparing for this great service. The Sunday school offers a splendid opportunity for the spiritual development of the teacher; no matter how much he may give the children, his own share of development is a hundred fold. But few realize this. From many there is a complaint because of the preparation required by the board. Many teachers look upon their calling as a hardship rather than a blessing. Out of nearly five hundred teachers with whom I have been in direct relation during the last year, there is hardly one that I can call the Sunday school teacher. All belong to the average class. There are many good teachers among them, but none preeminently so. They are not famous throughout their wards and the stake in their calling. We need men and women in the Sunday schools who know and love God with all their might, mind and strength, and who see in little children God's most perfect earthly image, the type of His heavenly kingdom that is to come.

In some of our wards there is only an average attendance of 50 per cent of the enrollment. This condition could not exist if the teachers truly loved their work, if,

like the shepherd of old, they would leave for a little while those that are safely folded and go over hill and dale, through darkness and storm, if necessary, and bring them home to God's house on the Sabbath day. We need teachers who are in constant touch with the divine, who walk by the light of God's Spirit and whose words and acts are in harmony with His will. The children come to the house of God to meet Him there. They do not see His visible presence, but the teacher must speak His will and deliver His message. He must be worthy to take God's place. We boast of our great enrollment, system, and the order that pervades our work; and yet how much there is connected with it that is superficial and means nothing to the development of the spiritual. Out of the vast army enrolled in this cause, how few there are who really and truly typify the spirit and life of the lowly Master who lived and died for mankind. It makes me sad at times to find in our Sunday schools a perfect machine running in perfect order, beautiful on the outside but cold and dead at the centre. The warmth, the joy of the Christ life which caused multitudes to follow him and hang upon his words are altogether lacking. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. We need spiritual teachers, who can translate into modern life the teachings of God's servants and the wonderful lessons and parables that fell from the lips of the Savior. Our manners, environments and occupations are entirely different from those that prevailed two thousand years ago. The principles and teachings of the prophets and of Christ must be clothed a new language and adapted to our new needs and conditions. The sower that went out to sow,

the fisherman and his nets, the shepherd and his sheep, have lost much of their force. They do not appeal to the children. The teacher must translate them into terms of modern experience. This can only be done by constant thought, study and prayer. Our teachers must break away from the old ruts, and any one can do this whom God calls into His service. God can magnify them all. It may be that they will have to wrestle with Him as did Jacob of old, or plead as did Enos "all the day long." But in the end God will hear and answer their great desire.

The Sunday schools are calling for men and women of great faith, teachers who, like Christ, lay all upon the altar for the sake of humanity, who will count all things cheap as compared with this great service to which God has called them, teachers who perform their work so well that when they return to the Father they can report that not one of the little ones whom God gave into their keeping was lost through any neglect on their part. And may God grant this great blessing, I ask, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER HUGH B. FOLSOM,

*Superintendent of Liberty Stake
Sunday Schools.*

My brethren and sisters, every alert Sunday school superintendent feels that he needs good teachers. He is aware that when he has a teacher who inspires the children with a love to come to the Sunday school and a desire to learn more of the duties of a Latter-day Saint, the problem of the bad boy is reduced to a minimum. He realizes that his greatest need is that of the good teacher. The teachers that he has are drawn from all the

walks of life. Few of them have had special training in our normal schools. They need equipment in scholarship. I mean particularly the scholarship that is necessary in teaching children in our Sunday school. Many of the teachers who have had training in our normal schools are not equipped for teaching in our Sunday schools, because it is against the law to have any instruction in religious training, and our Sunday school teachers find that they do not possess a complete knowledge of the subject matter that they have to teach. So that our greatest need, in my opinion, is better equipment for the Sunday school teacher for the work that she has to do, more skillful training and experience in her line of work. That cannot all be given in the normal training school.

The teacher must be possessed of a spiritual life, of a desire to do her duty and to become familiar with the wants of a child. Many a teacher is well equipped in the way of scholarship, but she cannot impart it so that it may be understood fully by the children that she has to teach. We are bending every effort in all of our Sunday schools throughout the Church in trying to equip the teacher so that she may be able to instruct the children. Our Union Meetings, local board meetings, our prayer meetings, are all designed for the better equipment of the teacher. We may possess books, courses of study, separate rooms, comfortable seats and warm buildings well ventilated. All these are helpful but without the good teacher the school may be a failure. It is said by one of the great educators of this nation that Agassiz with a group of ambitious students would make a university. I believe that a teacher equipped with spiritual life, with a desire to do

her duty in the Sunday school, to inspire the children with a love for the gospel, will make a successful school.

May the Lord bless us and help us in every work that we have to do for the better equipment of our Sunday school work, I ask, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ELDER O. J. P. WIDTSOE.

Superintendent of Salt Lake Stake Sunday Schools.

From an experience gathered mainly in the Sunday schools of Salt Lake City, I would say that the thing we need most in the Sunday schools today is more thoroughly interesting and at the same time more devoted and more spiritual work in the class room.

The work of the Sunday school, it seems to me, falls naturally into two divisions. First we labor to enlist the children of the Latter-day Saints and get them to come to the Sunday school. Then after we get them we labor to keep them in the Sunday school. It is a labor of enlisting and a labor of holding. The labor of holding divides itself again into two parts. First there is the general assembly which must be made attractive and interesting, and secondly, there is the work of the class room. And it seems to me that the greatest need is right in the class room. From ten to twenty-five per cent of the children of the Latter-day Saints are not enlisted in the Sunday school at all. Probably twice that number are absent every Sunday from the Sunday school. Some twenty-five or thirty per cent of the children enrolled are absent every Sunday from the Sunday school. Some of these children are absent because the parents do not help them get ready. Some are absent because of sickness. And

some others, I am sorry to say, are absent because they do not find the interest in the Sunday school that they find in their day school and that they should find in the Sunday school. If our teachers were more devoted and more spiritual; if they felt as missionaries in the world feel, that they are divinely called to the labor in the Sunday schools; and if they would labor too to make their work more interesting, to make it appeal to the children, to adopt if necessary some of the modern methods of the day school, they would be more successful with the children, and the Sunday schools would accomplish more good than they do. We need good, thorough, prayerful teachers—teachers who are willing to work, willing to take the best that they find anywhere,—in the day schools or in other Sunday schools, or in books, or anywhere else,—and who will labor to interpret the lessons of the Sunday school in the words of the children, and adapt these lessons to the needs of the children, and thus make the class room work more thoroughly interesting and spiritual, inspiring the children with the love of the gospel. What we need most in the Sunday schools today, then, is more thoroughly interesting and at the same time more devoted and more spiritual work in the class room. May our teachers feel the great duty that devolves upon them, may they have the spirit of the missionary work, and may they labor to improve the work of the class room, is my prayer in the name of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

ELDER HOWARD R. DRIGGS.

My brethren and sisters, fellow workers in the Sunday school cause, I deeply appreciate this honor of standing before so splendid a body

of Saints, but I want to tell you that the honor carries with it a mighty responsibility. If I did not feel tonight that I am sustained by your faith and prayers, I know that I myself could say nothing that would be worth while or that would reflect the spirit of God in what I say, I shall feel that I have done my duty well.

I want to talk straight business to the Sunday school people for a few moments tonight. I want to tell them how they can save a great deal of money, in the first place. You are all interested, I am sure, in that side of your work. I know from experience what a vast trouble it is on the part of Sunday school officers and teachers to raise funds to carry on the Sunday schools, and I know from observation that a great deal of those funds are wasted year by year by careless use of the things that are bought with them, and I refer particularly to the Sunday school books. Within a very short time the Deseret Sunday School Union will be sending out to all parts of the Church a new and splendid song book that has been established at great cost; if we take the figures of the number of the officers and teachers and pupils, running away up towards a hundred and fifty thousand, and we think of supplying them with song books alone, it is going to cost this Church \$75,000, to say nothing of the Bibles, Books of Mormon and other books that are bought every year by the Sunday schools; and yet within a year after these splendid books are in your hands, I will venture that in nine-tenths of the Sunday schools of this Church you will go there and find at least one-half of those song books dead, with broken backs. Now in order to prevent that, the Sunday school board had had published a little slip which

tells you how to open a book without breaking its back. You have seen choristers who pick up a book, and organists who throw it open, in order to make it stay open. Well, they do, because they break its back and it can't help staying open. But if the librarian on whom this responsibility shall rest, will take these books, and when he first opens them, with a lot of Sunday school workers to help him, will open them carefully, pressing a few leaves down at a time on both sides, he will save the life of that book at least one-third, and that means a saving of something like twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars alone. Is it worth the trouble? One other point that I should like to call attention to is the use that is made of our books in Sunday schools, sometimes, as note books and as books to pass to one another for written communications. It seems to me that as Sunday school workers there is a great moral lesson that we ought to drive home to our boys and girls, that they should not treat in such a sacrilegious fashion the holy books that are placed for them to use and not to abuse. Another thing that I think we ought to pay attention to, is the care with which these books are put away in our libraries. Go from one end of this church to the other, and you will find books scattered; you will find them in dusty cupboards, you will find them in places which do not betoken the proper spirit of order and cleanliness which are fundamental, as I understand it in the teachings of this Church. One of the duties that we should come face to face with, it seems to me, is first of all to choose a man or woman for a librarian who will be at his post and who knows something about how to take care of books, or who will learn about it, and who

will attend to these things in a way so as to make people respect his office and calling. I wish that we could have in every Sunday school, a Sunday school library; and I mean by a Sunday school library one that reflects the spirit of the Sunday school, and not particularly the day school. We ought to have the text books there, the Bibles in ample quantity, the song books, the Books of Mormon, the Pearls of Great Price, and other books that are the standard text books of the Church. We ought to have there also supplemental books. One of the things that will to morrow enrich and round out our course of study is to have an ample quantity of books to which the teachers can and should go to get their information. We cannot possibly think of teaching the Bible adequately, unless we have to reinforce it, books that will tell us of the Holy Land, that will, as Brother Dalby says, make us able to bring these ancient times down and translate them into modern language.

Another thing that I think we ought to have in our Sunday school library is more books that reflect the spirit of the people of today. We are too inclined as Sunday school workers, from my observation, to go afield and draw in this and that and the other things in the way of books that smack, either of the work of the day school or too much of sectarianism. And I believe that we should be very careful how we introduce as supplemental material into our Sunday schools books that do not reflect in a splendid way the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. We want to learn to appreciate our own; we want to learn, if we are going to teach our children the principles of the gospel, to go into the lives of men and women who have lived

the gospel, not any more in the times of Christ than in the times of today. Now you may illustrate just what I mean by this: I was on the train, going south, here not many months ago, and I took, as I always do, a book with me. It was called *Captain Courageous*. I sat there reading it. A splendid book it was. But opposite me, facing me too, was an old veteran, and I happened to catch, as the train sped along, a remark something to this effect: "Well, this country has changed mightily since we came here." I stopped a moment and thought: "Well, you have got here a book full of *Captains Courageous*; I wonder whether here is not a *Courageous Captain*." I threw down my book and began a conversation, and the old veteran turned out to be one of the men, the pioneers, those boys who went with the Battalion, stopped at Pueblo for the winter, because they were sick, came up to Fort Laramie, and who with seven others came across to Green river and caught the pioneers. That old gentleman, when I had opened the valves to his heart, let out such a story to me amid tear stained eyes as I shall never forget. I heard the other day of an incident that happened down here in the county of Sevier during the Indian troubles, where a young boy rescued from death two little children at the risk of his own life, carrying them several hundred yards into a fort. We take books that tell how Betsey Jane carried gun powder at the time of the Revolution, and tell our children these stories—and they are grand stories, do not mistake me; but right while we are doing it, frequently neglect to pick up the diamonds that lie at our feet. The thing that I want to impress upon our people is, that we must learn to turn to these thoughts and

to these stories and these lives that stand as living examples to us of what men who have embraced Mormonism can do; and if we do that we will read into their lives the things that will make them bear testimony to God and His works. And if we can draw into the Sunday school libraries the Juvenile Instructor, and go into its pages and learn to pick out the stories that are there; if we can find out what books there are in our own Church from which we can get this splendid material, we would have a library that would be a Sunday school library indeed. I trust that we will all look at this matter squarely, and I hope that the librarians of this Church hereafter will be chosen with a great deal of care, not only for their ability to handle books but for their ability to help the Sunday school officers and teachers to this material. The post of librarian is a very slight post indeed seemingly, but it is one of those things that can be made very important. I look upon this Church much as a great electric light system, and I think that it does not make so much difference whether we are two-candle power or sixteen-candle power, or an arc light. It is our business to shine. A few years ago I saw in the city of Chicago they had down at the water-side as an advertisement a great tower of light. It was covered with hundreds and perhaps thousands of little bulbs. Every night when the power was turned on, that great tower of light stood out against the blackness of the night as a pillar of fire. One night when I happened to be going past it, and I saw that here and there, scattered about the tower there were bulb after bulb that were not shining. To me that typifies the Church of God. It did

not seem from the distance to make much difference whether this little light went out or that one, but suppose they all had gone out. It couldn't make much difference to the generality of the Church whether I as librarian, or president of the stake, or superintendent, may shine; but it makes all the difference in the world to me whether I in my humble capacity am reflecting the spirit of God. May God bless us, and enable us to radiate as light, to shine in whatever dark corner we may happen to be placed, to reflect the spirit of Christ in our work and to reflect the gospel of Christ in our lives, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

The hour for closing has really come, and I shall not detain you. I wish simply to remark that I do not think that the equal of this gathering has ever been witnessed before in a Sunday School Union Conference. The house seems to be as full this evening as it was during the conference meetings to-day. I think this is doing honor to the Sunday School Union cause, and is a deserving credit to all who have gathered here this evening to listen to the feast of fat things that has been rendered to the righteous. We certainly have had a time of refreshing, of information, of instruction and of counsel and advice this evening that will be good for Sunday school workers to take careful note of, and I feel to say in my heart, the Lord bless the Sunday school cause and all who are interested in it, and who are actively engaged in the work of the sabbath school.

My heart was filled with gratitude and love when I looked around here

tonight and saw this choir. It seems to me that all the people of Davis county are here tonight in the choir. I see among the children the presidency of the stake, each of them singing, and I did not know that one of them could sing before, and I congratulate the Davis county Sunday school choir for the magnificent singing they have given us here tonight. I also desire to thank the brethren who have given addresses this evening for the excellent instruction and spirit manifested by them in their remarks. God bless the Latter-day Saints.

We also desire to thank our Lamanite brethren and sisters for the very beautiful song they have given us. This is another cause for rejoicing to see our Lamanite kindred, descended from Joseph, of our own blood but whose fathers fell under the curse, again coming to a knowledge of the truth and being educated to sing the songs of Zion. The Lord bless our Lamanite brethren and sisters also, and those who are taking pains to instruct them in the art of singing as well as to educate them in the knowledge of the principles of the gospel.

The Lord bless Zion and all her workers, and the servants of the Lord in every land, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

I am reminded that I did not refer to our dear brethren, Brother Kent and Brother McCellan, who have led the singing and given us the music on the great organ. But these good brethren give us so many good things, so often, that we begin almost to forget them when we come to passing compliments or expressing gratitude for the most excellent service that we receive at their hands. The fact of the matter is, we have so much first class, excellent music from the choir and

from all our songsters in Zion free, without money and without price, that if we were asked to give two-bits to come to one of the best concerts that could be given in any part of the world we would feel that it was an imposition to ask of us. We thank Brother Kent, and we thank Brother McCellan for their excellent services here tonight.

Notes.

During Conference the announcement was made that our new Sunday School Song Book was ready for distribution. By those who have seen it this book is pronounced the best Latter-day Saints song book yet published. At the superintendents' meeting held during Conference we were asked what the price would be and on what terms old books could be exchanged. This information was given in a letter which was mailed to all stake and ward superintendents, but for the benefit of any who may not have received their letters we make the announcement again.

In single copies the price is, cloth bound, fifty cents post paid; limp leather, \$1.00 post paid. In lots of one dozen or more cloth copies are \$4.50 per dozen with postage extra eighty-four cents.

The exchange rate is as follows: We will exchange for old books that are in good condition on the following terms: For each old song book sent us, charges on which must be paid by the sender, we shall give one new cloth song book for thirty cents, or one limp leather song book for sixty cents, the Deseret Sunday School Union to pay the charges on the new books sent out on exchange.

The price on the new book in comparison with the old one may seem a little bit too high. It is not

so, however, for it must be remembered that the new song book contains over one hundred more songs than the old one, making it the most complete and best collection to be had. Several of our schools have already taken advantage of the issue of this new book and are using them, which fact we are pleased to note. We have a very large edition and are prepared to fill orders for any number desired.

Old books that are sent in should be plainly addressed "Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, No. 44 E. South Temple, Salt Lake City." In addition to this they should have the name and address of the party who sends them and also the name of the Sunday school. As soon as the books are sent a letter should also be sent stating how many you have sent and how many new song books you wish returned to you.

The life of Wilford Woodruff, fourth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is one that has always proved entertaining and inspiring to the young people of the Church. No more courageous and faithful minister of Christ is to be found in the annals of Church history. It is for that reason, undoubtedly, that the third book of the "Faith-Promoting Series," called "Leaves from My Journal," has found great favor among the reading public. We are happy now to offer a new edition of this inspirational little book, attractively printed and bound. Every boy and girl in the Church should read President Woodruff's "Leaves from My Journal." The book sells at fifty cents, cloth.

A book for girls, written in a bright, sunshiny style, giving to girls bits of practical advice, inspiring them with the joy of living, and

the glory of conquest—such a book not only girls themselves, but parents should be glad to know of.

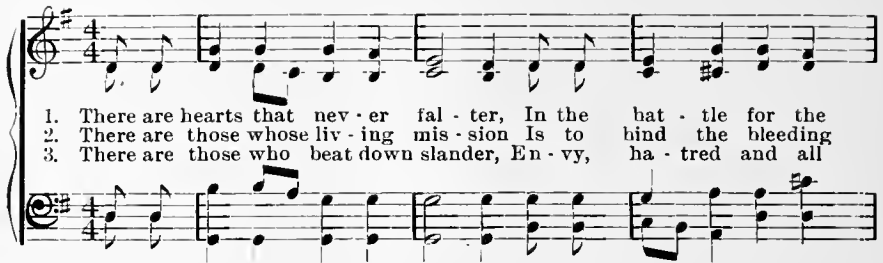
In "Happy School Days" Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has a number of entertaining as well as instructive chapters, on the most important subjects that arise in a girl's life. Such are, for example, "Pluck, Perseverance, for example, "Phide, Perseverance and Punctuality;" "The Lessons You Don't Like;" "The Care of School Books;" "Home Duties;" "The Art of Cooking;" "Skilful Hands;" "Boy Friends;" "A Gracious Manner;" and a score of others equally good. Mrs. Sangster's ability as a writer is well known. In "Happy School Days" she writes in her usual happy way—and *inspires* her readers to higher and nobler things. "Happy School Days" costs only one dollar and twenty-five cents. As a gift to a girl it is worth manifold its cost. Try "Happy School Days."

Members of the General Board have found that some Sunday Schools are not using the roll book that was prepared especially for the Parents' Classes. Sunday School officers explain the absence of these books by saying that they did not know such a book had been prepared. The book contains columns in which to register the number of children in the Sunday School belonging to each parent enrolled; it shows also which department the children are in and whether or not they are officers or teachers; and it contains besides other information especially required by the Parents' class. Every Parents' Class in the Church should have this roll book. It may be obtained from our store, The Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, No. 44 E. South Temple Street, for twenty-five cents post paid.

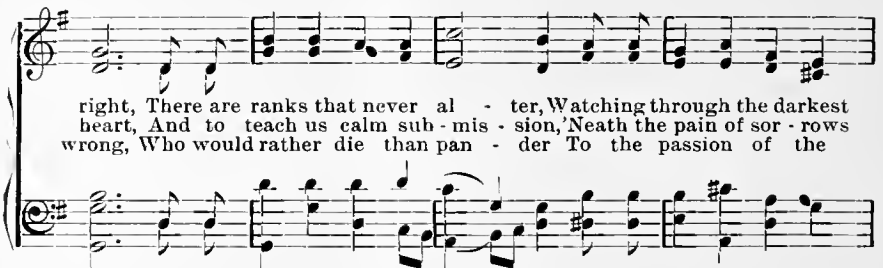
The Truly Great.

Music by L. D. Edwards.

Andante.

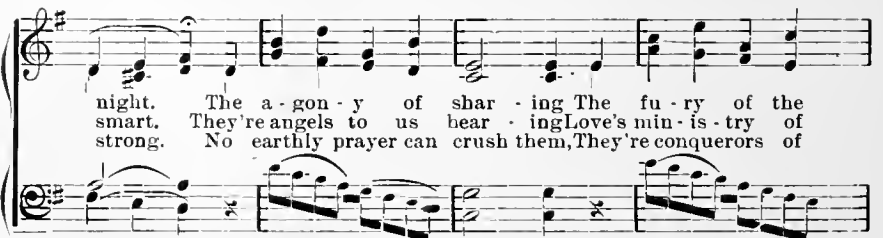


1. There are hearts that nev - er fal - ter, In the bat - tle for the
2. There are those whose liv - ing mis - sion Is to hind the bleeding
3. There are those who beat down slander, En - vy, ha - tred and all



right, There are ranks that never al - ter, Watching through the darkest
heart, And to teach us calm sub - mis - sion, Neath the pain of sor - rows
wrong, Who would rather die than pan - der To the passion of the

rit. ad lib.



night. The a - gon - y of shar - ing The fu - ry of the
smart. They're angels to us bear - ing Love's min - is - try of
strong. No earthly prayer can crush them, They're conquerors of

Cres.

strife, On - ly gives a no - ble dar - ing, And makes a grander life.
 peace, When the night of death is near - ing, And hit - ter tri - als cease.
 fate; Neither fear nor fa - vor bush them; They are the tru - ly great.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, and bat - tle in the right, March

P March on, march on, Bat - tle in the right, *cres.*

on, march on, And be the tru - ly great.

march on, march on, And be the tru - ly great.

Pleasantries.

LE GRANDE PASSION.

She—"Darling, do you love me?"

He—(kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—"Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl, that's all I can say."

NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

At an unusually large dinner-party, where the guest of honor was an English Bishop, the butler, an elderly man, was obliged to bring in from a friend's house an inexperienced lad to help him in the dining-room. The awkward helper annoyed the butler beyond endurance with questions as to his duties.

He continued interminably until the butler, worn out and nervous, said ironically:

"All you will need to do is to stand behind the Bishop's chair, and whenever His Lordship puts down his glass you must reach over and wipe his mouth with a napkin."

That silenced his assistant. But the young man actually took the order seriously and as soon as dinner began he stationed himself behind the Bishop, waited till His Lordship had drunk and put down his glass, and then, as deliberately as his nervousness would permit, he opened out a large napkin and wiped the dignified old gentleman's mouth!

THE BANK COULD STAND IT.

A Western lawyer tells of a remarkable instance of the convincing power of feminine logic as evidenced by an occurrence which he once witnessed while standing on the edge of a crowd that was besieging the doors of a bank supposed to be on the point of suspending payment.

A conversation between a rosy-cheeked Irish woman and her husband, who were near the lawyer, at once attracted his attention.

"Mary," said the man, we must push up so ye can dhraw your money at onct!"

"But I don't want to draw it out, Roger," replied Mary, placidly.

"Don't ye know, Mary," persisted the husband, "that they'll lose your money for ye if ye don't hurry t' dhraw it out?"

"An' shure, Roger," retorted Mary, "ain't they better able to lose it than we are?"

Roger was stunned by this unanswerable logic, and after a few more words, the two withdrew. Fortunately the bank survived its difficulties, and no depositor lost a cent.—Exchange.

JUST ONE QUESTION.

A colored woman was on trial before a magistrate charged with inhuman treatment of her offspring.

Evidence was clear that the woman had severely beaten the youngster, aged some nine years, who was in court to exhibit his battered condition.

Before imposing sentence His Honor asked the woman whether she had anything to say.

"Kin I ask Yo' honah a question?" inquired the prisoner.

"Go thead," said the judge, and the courtroom listened.

"Well, then, Yo' Honah, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent of a puffectly wuthless cullud chile."

THE WRONG DOOR.

Charles E. Wells, who has been called the ground-hog Senator of West Virginia, because he once introduced a bill advocating the changing of Ground Hog Day from February 2nd to July 4th, was staying overnight at the Grand Hotel of a budding West Virginia village not long since.

He was awakened in the morning by heavy pounding on his door, and the voice of the old man night clerk saying, "Five o'clock! Better get up or you'll miss your train."

Mr. Wells didn't intend to catch a morning train, and hadn't given any instructions that he should be called at the unearthly hour of five o'clock, so he paid no attention to the old man's early morning greeting, and was asleep again almost immediately.

In about fifteen minutes he was again awakened by the pounding on his door and heard the voice of the old man saying apologetically, "Don't get up. I rapped on the wrong door!" —Lippincott's.

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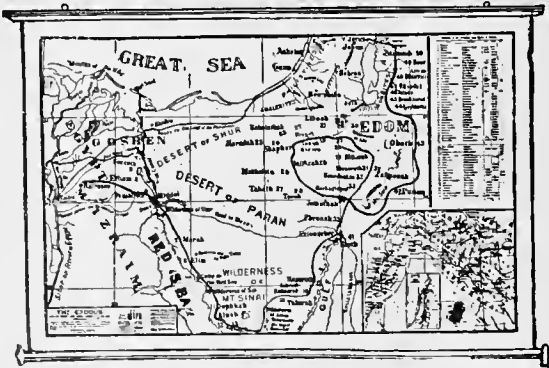
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